

"BIGFOOT DAN" PILOT

Written by

Kyle Burns

TEASER

EXT./ESTAB. SPITROCK WOODLANDS - EARLY MORNING

Open on the treetops of a vast Pacific Northwestern forest. Towering Douglas Firs and Lodgepole Pines stand shoulder to shoulder, covered in the soupy blanket of the morning fog.

It's a piece of this Earth that has remained untouched by human hands, until:

The sounds of snapping twigs and a gurgling diesel engine echo across the forest floor.

We see a FORD F-250 PICK-UP TRUCK **creaking and moaning** as it struggles to traverse the narrow fire road which leads deep into the flesh of this endless coniferous forest.

A sign on the truck's door reads "SPITROCK LOGGING CO.".

While the truck drives, we can hear the **radio chatter** playing from within the cab.

MALE RADIO ANNOUNCER

(Male voice) Good morning, everyone! I hope you are enjoying another foggy start to the day in our beautiful state of Washington. It seems we were paid a visit last night by our town's local celebrity, "the Spitrock Wildman", who was caught eating out of the dumpster beside the studio.

FEMALE RADIO ANNOUNCER

You sure that wasn't just our intern, Steve?

Both **hosts laugh** as the **radio changes frequency** and a new station plays.

RADIO GUEST #1

(Male voice) It was huge! Seven-foot-tall, covered in long, thick fur and it had giant fangs! I don't care if I sound crazy, this thing is real!

The **radio station** changes again.

RADIO GUEST #2

After my 40 years of research, it's become clear to me that the "Wild Man" is actually an alien from a distant world named, "Zortonia". And if anyone out there would like to learn more about the truth, I'm hosting a retreat on Spitrock Mountain for only \$350 a night!

CUT TO:

INT. FORD F-250 - MORNING

A man's hand hits the OFF button on the truck's radio.

FOREMAN

Has everyone in this town lost their minds?

We see two LUMBERJACKS in plaid sitting in the pick-up truck. The FOREMAN (late 30's) burly, scrunches his face in frustration while preening his long, thick beard.

There's a SKINNY MAN (late 20s) in the passenger seat. He looks nervous, as his eyes dart from window to window.

SKINNY MAN

Boss, why're we out here so early again? I thought we weren't supposed to run the saws till sun-up?

FOREMAN

Well, unfortunately for us, we had 7 guys quit on us last week cause of these "wild man stories" so we have to make up time where we can.

The Skinny Man looks earnestly at the Foreman.

SKINNY MAN

They're not just stories y'know...

The Foreman glares at the Skinny Man, frustrated.

FOREMAN

Now don't you go starting up with that! The after hours crew was out markin' trees till 2 AM and if we wanna stay on schedule, we need to have 'em cut down by noon hour!

As the truck rounds the bend, they enter clearing that is littered with GAS CANS, ROPE and SPRAY PAINT MARKERS. None of the trees have been marked. The men exit the truck.

EXT. CUTTING SITE (WOODS) - MORNING

The Foreman walks up to the trees in a rage.

FOREMAN

They didn't even mark a single one!
What're we supposed to cut here?

The Skinny Man looks at the ground and sees the signs of a struggle: Trampled terrain, ruts caused from truck tires and OVERSIZED BARE FOOTPRINTS.

The Skinny Man's eyes widen in terror as he looks into the trees and sees a variety of strange "stick sculptures" dangling in the air. Resembling people and faerie rings.

SKINNY MAN

Boss! We have to go. Now!

The Foreman snaps and storms over to the truck. Dropping the tail gate and grabbing a CHAINSAW.

FOREMAN

We're not goin' nowhere till this
job is done!

The Foreman **revs the chainsaw** and holds it over his head.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Whoever's out there, show yourself!
I ain't messing around!

Just then the Skinny Guy freezes and goes white as a sheet. He signals to the Foreman to look behind him.

The Foreman turns, horrified, to see DAN DWELLINGTON (11), a 6-foot-tall, Auburn-furred, Sasquatch. A big, goofy, toothy smile stretches across his face.

DAN

Hi!

There's a brief pause before the **men scream** at the top of their lungs and the Foreman drops his saw.

FOREMAN

Get in the truck!

The men dart for the truck but as the Foreman climbs in, he SLAMS THE DOOR ON HIS BEARD. He tries to reach for the ignition but he can't reach.

SKINNY MAN

What're you doing? Drive!

FOREMAN

I can't! I'm stuck!

Dan, looking concerned, rushes over to the driver's side window and **starts breathing heavily** on the glass.

DAN

Do not struggle, human. Be as still as stone while I rub the *oil of the acorn* into your fur.

Dan reaches into his fur to reveal a gob of brown paste, crawling with bugs. He works it into the Foreman's beard.

FOREMAN

Gah! He's got a hold of my beard!

The Foreman jerks backwards and his beard slips through the door jam. He bonks heads with the Skinny Man.

The Foreman **turns over the ignition**, shifts into drive, and floors it. All of the contents of the truck bed are spilled onto the forest floor.

INT. FORD F-250 - MORNING

The Foreman is clutching his CB RADIO while trying to keep the truck from bouncing off of the road.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

(Female Voice) Sheriff's department, what's your emergency?

FOREMAN

(Frantic) There's a bigfoot in the woods and he covered me in peanut butter!

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

What?!

Dan, looking upset, notices one of the CHAINSAWS on the ground and picks it up.

DAN
Wait, mister! You left your toy
behind!

Dan begins to chase after the truck with the CHAINSAW in his hand.

INT. FORD F-250 - MORNING

The Skinny Man looks in the rear view mirror and can see Dan is trailing them with the CHAINSAW in his hand.

SKINNY MAN
Now he's chasing us with the
chainsaw! Drive faster!

Dan runs out of breath and throws the CHAINSAW towards the truck.

DAN
Here you go!

The Foreman looks in his mirror to see that Dan's figure is getting smaller and smaller. **They both share a sigh of relief.**

But then, the CHAINSAW PIERCES THE ROOF of the truck. It's blade protruding down into the cab between the men's heads, causing them to **scream yet again.**

Their truck crashes through the treeline and they nearly side-swipe ANOTHER VEHICLE as they barrel down a paved, country road that leads into a small town by a lake.

The **truck roars** past the town's sign that features a cartoon Sasquatch and reads, "Welcome to Spitrock! Home of the Spitrock Wildman!"

TITLE SEQUENCE: 30 SECONDS.

ACT ONEEXT./ESTAB. SPITROCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

The **bell rings** as we see a modern looking elementary school that features large glass windows, board and baton siding and stained, Douglas Firs as support columns.

This school is based off of a real life location: The "Capt. Johnston Blakely Elementary School" in Bainbridge Island, Washington State.

MS. HICKS (O.S.)
Alright class, settle down!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

We enter a Grade 6 classroom and we see that all of the kids have BRISTOL BOARD PRESENTATIONS leaning up beside each of their desks.

MS. HICKS (24), wearing a knitted wool sweater with her hair in a bun, stands at the front of the room.

MS. HICKS
Our next presentation comes from our friend, Reece Yeung. Who, as per usual, is presenting his information in the form of a creative video project.

The kids look amongst each other, unimpressed, while TOMMY THOMPSON (11) a mullet-donning kid in a track and field uniform, rolls his eyes.

Reece sits on a stool at the front of the room while the teacher turns off the lights.

A VIDEO PLAYS on the PROJECTOR SCREEN: "A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPITROCK, WA. By, Reece Yeung".

The entire video project is in black and white with a "faux film grain" filter. **Old timey "big band" music plays overhead with Reece narrating in a "Trans-Atlantic" accent.**

REECE (V.O.)
In the year 1850, lumber tycoon,
Cornelius M.
(MORE)

REECE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pennywood marked the construction site of his future logging town by spitting on a rock. A crass act which would later inspire the official name of the town to be, well, "Spitrock"!

In the video, Reece is wearing a baggy, OLD TIMEY SUIT, a TOP HAT and a big, bushy, WHITE MOUSTACHE. He spits on a ROCK and gives a thumbs up to the camera.

We shift our focus back to the class and see that absolutely NOBODY is enjoying his presentation so far.

REECE (V.O.)
Operations were bustling and the small logging town seemed destined to become the number one lumber gem of the west coast, until-

Reece then explodes onto the frame in a MONKEY SUIT, beating his chest and throwing ROCKS towards the camera.

REECE
Strange hairy ape-men from the mountains began to attack the townsfolk relentlessly!

The video then cuts to Reece who is now dressed as an OLD TIMEY LOGGER, with a STRIPED SHIRT, OVERALLS and a VINTAGE CAP. He DROPS A HANDSAW and then runs away out of frame.

REECE (CONT'D)
These encounters became so frequent, that many of the settlers left Spitrock forever. Almost turning this once hopeful place into a ghost town in only a matter of months!

The movie then cuts to a view of the modern day Spitrock skyline.

REECE (V.O.)
Today, Spitrock is now the fastest growing community in the state. However, with all of the recent construction developments in the area, sightings of the Spitrock Wildman have seen a new resurgence. Leading many to believe that the creature may still be out there!

Reece then enters the frame again in the MONKEY SUIT, staring into the Spitrock skyline and shaking his fists into the air.

A TITLE CARD appears that reads: "The End?". The screen turns black and the lights turn on. Nobody claps.

MS. HICKS

Okay. Well, Reece, it looks like you put a *lot of time* into your project. But in the future, you should be very careful about falling victim to misinformation. The Spitrock Wildman does not exist!

TOMMY

Yeah, just like his brain!

The **classroom erupts in laughter** and Reece crumples his brow. Ms. Hicks **snaps her fingers** to Tommy.

MS. HICKS

Hey, Tommy! Stop!

REECE

What's wrong with you people? There's an actual monster mystery in this town and *nobody* is interested in solving it?

TOMMY

I think a more important mystery for you to solve would be why you've been here for 3 months and you still haven't made a single friend.

The classroom, "**oohs**" collectively.

REECE

Well that's cause I don't want to be friends with guys like you or anybody in this town! That's why I'm going to go into the woods and find this thing! Cause when I do, I'll be rich and famous! And when I buy my mansion, NONE OF YOU are gonna be invited over!

Reece gets up and leaves the room, **slamming the door** behind him. **Everyone starts laughing at him**, even Ms. Hicks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CUTTING SITE (WOODS) - DAY

The Foreman and the Skinny Man are at the forest clearing again, which has now become the center of a police investigation.

YELLOW CAUTION TAPE is wrapped from tree to tree as a SHERIFF (50s) leans against the hood of his JEEP WRANGLER, badged with Spitrock Police Liveries. He looks as if he'd rather be anywhere else right now.

A white TOYOTA 4RUNNER drives up the fire-road and a tall, smartly-dressed woman with strawberry red hair, exits. This is TINA THOMPSON (42).

SHERIFF

Ah, there she is. Gentlemen, this is special agent Tina Thompson from the ministry of fish and habitat. She's here to get some information from you about your experience.

Tina flips her ray bans into her hair as she walks confidently towards the men.

TINA

Hello, gentlemen! Wow, what a mess we have here.

SKINNY MAN

We're sorry! This thing came after us with a chain saw but we came back to clean it up! We swear!

The Foreman approaches her, grabbing his beard.

FOREMAN

It played with my beard! My beautiful beard!

Tina gives her head a shake. Looking dubious.

TINA

Sorry, what *thing* came after you?

FOREMAN + SKINNY MAN

The Wild Man!

Tina laughs mockingly as she moves around the area, covertly sweeping away any LARGE FOOTPRINTS that she sees.

TINA

Ah, yes the wild man! Funny you mention him, I saw his buddy the Loch Ness Monster on the way in! I didn't know they were neighbors!

As **Tina continues to laugh** the Sheriff smiles while the loggers look dead serious.

FOREMAN

Ma'am, I never used to take this seriously neither, but I do now. This thing ain't no joke!

Tina looks down at the ground and picks up a CRUSHED BOTTLE of 40:1 CHAINSAW FUEL. Her demeanor changes from condescending to dead serious.

TINA

You know what else "ain't no joke"? Improperly dumping petroleum products in a vulnerable eco-system.

This catches the Foreman and the Skinny Man off guard and they look at each other, confused.

TINA (CONT'D)

And at what time did you say you were here this morning?

The Foreman looks down, ashamed. He knows he's in trouble.

FOREMAN

Six AM.

TINA

So not only are you polluting the environment but you're also breaking labor laws by making your guys work in the dark? Oh, I will be SURE to make a note of that!

Tina flips open a NOTEPAD and begins scribbling inside.

FOREMAN

Ma'am, please! Don't tell this to the boss!

Tina, closes the notepad and looks at the man with faux sympathy. She **exhales deeply**.

TINA

Listen, I know there's a lot of "crazy stories" flying around town. But the truth of the matter is that we're in the worst wild-fire season we've EVER seen and its because of carelessness like this. That's why we've been getting so many Grizzly Bears wandering into town that are injured and starving... Just like the one you two saw.

The Loggers look at her, suspicious. They know what's going on now.

FOREMAN

What do you want us to do? Lie?

Tina gets in close to them.

TINA

Lie? No, I want you to tell, "the truth". Not just to keep this community safe but also, to make sure that you can keep affording dance lessons for your daughter, Erica.

The Foreman's eyes widen as Tina looks directly at him.

TINA (CONT'D)

She's at the nursery school on Campbell and Main, right? Only reason I ask is because I know your wife works there part-time. Be a real shame if both of you lost your jobs cause you wanted to talk about "Bigfoot".

The loggers look at each other, disturbed, but then give her a nod.

FOREMAN

We saw a bear.

She smiles.

TINA

Of course you did! Have a great day, gentleman!

She hops in her SUV and starts **blasting the 90's pop music that is reminiscent of Britney Spears** as she barrels down the forest road.

INT. TINA'S SUV - DAY

While **humming to the music**, Tina's high-tech, HOLOGRAPHIC WATCH starts ringing.

TINA
Accept call.

An image of her bosses head, MR. DIRECTOR (60), is projected upwards in a blue glow.

MR. DIRECTOR
Good-day, Agent Thompson. What're the results of your investigation?

TINA
It looks like we've got a second specimen operating the area. Judging by the foot size, it's probably a juvenile.

MR. DIRECTOR
Interesting. Perhaps there's a tie between this younger specimen and the infamous, "grey one".

TINA
I'm sure they've probably drank from the same stagnant pools.

MR. DIRECTOR
I know I don't need to repeat myself, but if these two aren't captured, it could endanger the entire town.

TINA
You know of my history, Mr. Director. These smelly fur balls are no match for me.

MR. DIRECTOR
I'm aware of your talents, Agent Thompson, but these creatures were responsible for destroying Spitrock once before. Don't think they can't do it again.

Tina rolls her eyes.

TINA

Yeah, I know. Don't worry, I'll have them tranquilized, crated and back at HQ by the end of the month. But for now, I'm off to see my son, Tommy, race for the state championship title!

MR. DIRECTOR

Wish him my best!

Tina hangs up the call and the **90's pop music** resumes as she drives down the road.

EXT/ ESTAB. DWELLINGTON REDWOOD HOME - DAY

Deep in the woods, Dan approaches the trunk of a massive Redwood with the CHAINSAW still in his hands. It appears like any tree, until:

Dan opens a hidden, bark door, revealing a wooden, ELEVATOR SHAFT. He squeezes in and he descends into the Earth below.

INT. DWELLINGTON REDWOOD HOME - DAY

Dan's house looks like a hobbit-hole on an episode of hoarders. Round door-ways, ASSORTED CAMPING GEAR and ITEMS LOST BY HUMANS adorn the underground hideout.

In the center of the room, we see TREEFART DWELLINGTON (50), a Greying, Bearded Sasquatch who looks to be the love child of Red Green and Tommy Chong, working on his newest creation: a wooden, monster truck-tired motorcycle.

Treefart looks up from his contraption at his nephew.

TREEFART

Danwood! I thought I smelled you!

DAN

Hi, Uncle Treefart...

Treefart spots the CHAINSAW in Dan's hand and he rushes over to him.

TREEFART

Ooh! You even brought me a gift from the surface! Just what I needed.

Treefart grabs the CHAINSAW out of Dan's hands and pulls the CHAIN off with his teeth. He affixes the CHAIN to the sprockets of his MOTORCYCLE.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

Ah, perfect! Danwood, I present to you my latest creation: "The Swamp Hog!"

The motorcycle looks like something that would be built if wood-shop class and auto-mechanics merged into the same program. Dials, hoses, wires and gauges are affixed to the spruce-frame of this Franken-bike of backwoods engineering.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

It's got 900 horsepower to both wheels, a steel reinforced undercarriage and an engine that runs off pure swamp gas!

Dan looks unamused at the ridiculous machine.

DAN

Whoa, that's really something, Uncle Treefart.

Treefart's pleasant demeanor then takes a swift nosedive into intense seriousness.

TREEFART

But this is top secret though! If the government finds out I have this, they'll "take me out" for solving the global energy crisis!

DAN

Yeah, I guess.

Dan shrugs and looks down and Treefart gives a prying look.

TREEFART

Is something wrong, son? I thought you'd be happier than a lizard on a leaf about this.

DAN

Uncle Treefart, why don't the humans like us?

Treefart **sighs**. This conversation again.

TREEFART

Since the beginning of time, their fear of our kind has been the only thing protecting these woods from their destructive hands!

DAN

But it's not fair! Why do they get to have normal lives with friends but I don't?

TREEFART

Because we have a job to do. We are the last hope for these ancient forests and when I am too old to perform this sacred service, you must continue our people's legacy.

There's a silence between the two and Treefart puts a reassuring hand on Dan's shoulder.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

I know I'm just your uncle and I might not be the best friend you want. But before the great fire claimed your parents, I made a promise to my sister, that I would keep you safe and always be there for you. That's what family does. And as long as we have each other, we'll have all the friendship we need!

This doesn't make Dan feel better.

DAN

Thanks, Uncle Treefart.

TREEFART

Tell you what, if you can go out there and find me some brake lines for the Swamp Hog, I'll let you take the first ride!

Dan shrugs as he enters the tiny elevator shaft and hoists himself to the surface. Treefart stares at his MOTORCYCLE and **sighs**.

EXT. SPITROCK WOODLANDS - DAY

Reece is walking through the woods with his CAMERA ON A GIMBAL. The CAMERA is modelled after a SONY A7/3 and the GIMBAL is modelled after a RONIN-SC.

He's **nearly out of breath** as he turns the camera to face him for a selfie shot. He begins recording and we see from the camera's POV.

REECE

What's up my peanut butter cups?
It's your boy, Reece and I'm deep
in the woods on the hunt for the
mythical, "Spitrock Wildman". Now,
I've only got 45 minutes before
lunch ends to find this thing, so
wish me luck!

As Reece walks through the woods, he notices the same, strange, STICK SCULPTURES that were seen at the forest clearing by the loggers earlier that day.

He starts filming them with his CAMERA like he's in the "Blair Witch Project". He **breathes heavily**.

REECE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yo... who's making these?

Suddenly, Reece begins to hear the sounds of **twisting metal** and **strange, guttural growls** that are coming from behind the hill in front of him.

His eyes widen and he **slows his breathing** as all of the **regular sounds of nature seem to fall silent. No birds are chirping, no woodpeckers are pecking.**

Reece presses the record button and slowly ascends the hill. But when he peeks over the crest, nobody is there. All that remains is a dissected, RUSTED OUT CAR with a HUB CAP spinning on it's end.

Reece is terribly confused, until a BIG, FURRY HAND taps him on the shoulder. Reece turns around, slowly, to see the huge, hulking, hairy figure of Dan giving his signature big, toothy grin.

DAN

Hi!

Reece **screams** and drops his GIMBAL as he tumbles down the hill. He quickly scrambles backwards toward the trunk of a tree and curls into the fetal position. Covering his eyes as he awaits his gruesome fate.

However, a moment passes and nothing happens. He cautiously peeks through his fingers to see that Dan is still standing on the crest of the hill, mesmerized by his GIMBAL set up.

Dan gives the GIMBAL a **QUICK SNIFF**.

DAN (CONT'D)
This smells like science!

Reece, realizing that he's not in mortal danger, decides to stand up and brush himself off, still shaking a little.

REECE
Hey... You...you can speak English?

DAN
Yup!

Reece begins slowly walking toward Dan at a non-threatening pace.

REECE
Y'know, you don't seem like the big, scary Bigfoot monster that the town makes you out to be.

Dan smiles, he's touched by this.

DAN
Well, you don't seem like the small, destructive Human monster that my uncle makes you out to be!

Dan continues to play with the stabilization system of the CAMERA on REECE'S GIMBAL.

REECE
You like my camera set-up?

Dan suddenly looks nervous and passes the GIMBAL back to Reece.

DAN
Oh, this is a camera? Here, take it back! My Uncle Treefart says that I'm not allowed to play with cameras any more. The last one I picked up had pictures of *ladies* in it.

Dan does a double take and leans in to Reece to **whisper**.

DAN (CONT'D)
... And they were in their underwear!

Reece gets a weird look on his face.

REECE
You have an uncle named Treefart?

DAN

Yeah, he forbids me from talking to humans. He thinks you're very dangerous. But...you seem different from the other ones.

REECE

How's that?

DAN

Well, for starters, you're the first human who hasn't run away from me. Or tried to shoot me!

Reece looks at Dan, sympathetically.

REECE

Jeez, I'm sorry man. I wouldn't take that personally if I were you. It's just, well, there's a lot of stories about you terrorizing people.

Dan sits on a stump and looks at the ground with his head in his hands.

DAN

I don't mean to scare people though! I'm only 11 summers old and I just want to make friends like your people do.

Reece takes a look at Dan's face.

REECE

Hmmm, well y'know, if you trimmed some of the fur around your face, you could probably pass as a human!

Dan clasps his hands in excitement.

DAN

You really think so?

REECE

Well, yeah like a 6-foot-tall, 11-year-old human but, still, human!

Dan rubs his chin. He's thinking. Then jumps to his feet.

DAN

Follow me!

EXT. FOXHOLE - DAY

Dan leads Reece through the woods and brings him to a foxhole that has been intentionally camouflaged with pine branches. He moves the foliage away and pulls out a LARGE, STEEL TRUNK.

He opens it and Reece sees that it is full of books, movies, teen magazines, batteries, DVD PLAYERS and CLOTHING.

As Dan rummages through the pile of scavenged items, Reece picks up a copy of, "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" By Fyodor Dostoevsky.

REECE

You can read too?

DAN

At a human twelfth grade level!
Whenever I'm done foraging for
food, I come out here to study in
secret!

Dan pulls out some CLOTHING and an ELECTRIC TRIMMER and gets to work. Thick BUNDLES OF FUR fall from his torso and fall on the forest floor.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Reece, can you get my back
too?

REECE

Yeah, but we're keeping it above
the waistline!

After Dan is fully trimmed, he puts on a RED PLAID SHIRT, a BROWN PAIR OF COVERALLS, some SOILED LOAFERS and a GHOUL ENERGY BASEBALL CAP.

Reece hands Dan a MIRROR and he looks at himself with wonder in his eyes. He looks completely different with his hair trimmed and can now pass for a human boy!

REECE (CONT'D)

So, what do you think of your new
makeover?

DAN

Oh my gosh... I look like that
Justin Bieber boy!

As Dan says this he holds a SOILED TEEN MAGAZINE up to his face which features a VERY OLD PHOTO of Justin Bieber. Reece smiles reassuringly.

REECE
Uh, yeah, sure!

Just then, **the alarm on Reece's phone** goes off. His eyes widen.

REECE (CONT'D)
Whoops! Sorry, man. Recess just ended and I gotta get back to class!

Reece takes down his GIMBAL set up and throws it into his BACKPACK. Dan gets down on his knees and grovels at Reece's feet.

DAN
But you can't leave! We just became friends. Can't we hang out a little longer?

Reece pauses and looks towards the school and then back towards Dan. He smiles as the gears start spinning in his head.

REECE
Tell you what, Dan, how about we hang out for the rest of the day... At school?

Dan's demeanor completely changes and he begins to pace nervously back and forth.

DAN
At school? Oh, I don't know if I could, and my Uncle Treefart would...

REECE
Bro! You're probably smarter than half the teachers at that school! And, with your disguise, nobody will be able to tell who you are!

DAN
But my Uncle Treefart said I'm forbidden from going there!

Reece throws his BACKPACK on his shoulder and walks toward the trail and gestures Dan to follow him. Dan reluctantly catches up.

REECE

Look, I get that your uncle is just looking out for you, but it seems to me that you've been preparing for this moment for your entire life.

Dan pauses. He's contemplative.

REECE (CONT'D)

Hey. If things go wrong, you can always run back to the woods. Right?

Dan looks up to Reece and nods. He nervously agrees.

DAN

Right!

Reece gives him a pat on the back as they walk down the mountain trail which leads to the town.

REECE

Sick! Okay, now before we get to school I'm just gonna run you through a few "dos" and "don'ts" about how to act in the human world.

ACT TWOEXT./ESTAB. SPITROCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

We hear an **ELECTRIC GUITAR** riff that is **similar to the theme of "Phantom of the Opera"** from the musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAMA ROOM (SPITROCK ELEMENTARY) - DAY

Thick drapes are hung from the ceiling of the drama room as we see a **LEATHER GLOVED HAND** reach for a **GIRL'S HAND** that extends beyond the sleeve of a **LONG, WHITE DRESS**.

DELAWARE VAN DER BEEK (11) a blonde rocker girl, is playing the **ELECTRIC GUITAR** while her friend, **SEBASTIAN ARSENAULT** (11) and **CAROLYN THOMPSON** (11) are dressed as the Erik/ the Phantom and Christine from Phantom of the Opera.

They walk slowly under the drapes while Sebastian holds a **CANDLE STICK** in his hands.

CAROLYN

(Singing) *In the gym, he sang to
me, in the bleachers he came!*

Just as Carolyn is about to sing the next verse, Tina, her mother, bursts through the door. Looking upset.

Delaware **stops playing** and Sebastian and Carolyn turn their attention to Tina as she storms up to her daughter.

TINA

There you are! I've been trying to
get a hold of you for the past five
minutes and thirty-five seconds!

CAROLYN

Oh, I'm sorry, mom. We were just
running lines for Sebastian's
reimagining of , "The Phantom of
the Opera"!

Carolyn grabs a **FLYER** and passes it to her mom. It features Carolyn and Sebastian on the cover and it is titled, **"THE PHANTOM OF THE GYMNASIUM"**.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

The show's going live in 3 weeks!
We've got a fog machine, and
lights. All we have to do now is
reach out to Andrew Lloyd Webber to
get the rights to his music!

Tina shakes her head in frustration.

TINA

Carolyn, this is your brother's BIG
day. Track finals! There's no time
to playing pretend right now!

CAROLYN

What do you mean there's no time to
pretend? Tommy literally makes
motorcycle sounds with his mouth
when he runs.

Sebastian and Delaware try to hold in their smiles as Tina
gets on one knee and puts her hands on Carolyn's shoulders.

TINA

Listen, sweetie, I don't ask for
much. Just take off these
ridiculous clothes, hold the camera
for an hour and then you can go
back to doing whatever this is.

Carolyn **sighs** and her friends look down in disappointment.
This isn't the first time her priorities have taken a back
seat for Tommy's.

CAROLYN

Sorry, guys.

Carolyn hides behind the drapes and changes while Tina taps
her foot impatiently with her arms crossed. Delaware looks at
her scarf.

DELAWARE

I like your scar-

TINA

(Interrupting) Thanks.

Once Carolyn emerges from behind the drapes, Tina grabs her
by the wrist and pulls her through the door and into the
hallway, where they narrowly miss Reece and Dan.

INT. HALLWAY (SPITROCK ELEMENTARY) - DAY

As Dan and Reece walk down the hall, everybody is staring at his 6-foot-tall, hulking frame. Dan is giddy, barely able to contain himself.

He leans in towards Reece.

DAN
(Whispering) I can't believe this
is actually working!

Reece slaps his forehead.

REECE
(Whispering) Stop saying that out
loud! Now, in order for you to
start attending classes, we need to
get you enrolled with the school.

Dan nods confidently.

DAN
Right!

REECE
So just act natural and if I see
that you're in trouble, I'll help
bail you out!

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE (SPITROCK ELEMENTARY) - DAY

Dan and Reece are sitting in front of the desk of MRS. LICHTY (65) the Principal of the school. She wears a pantsuit and gently plays with a PEN in her hands above a NOTEPAD. A JAR OF CANDY sits on the corner of the desk.

MRS. LICHTY
So, Dan, tell me a little bit about
yourself. Where do you live?

DAN
I live in the woods with my Uncle,
Treefar- (Reese nudges him) I mean,
Trevor!

Dan then gives Reece a very obvious wink and Reece pinches his brow. This is gonna be rough.

MRS. LICHTY

Uncle Trevor? Okay, I guess you were homeschooled. What did he teach you?

DAN

Oh, he taught me lots of things! Like how to live off the land, or how to build weapons and, oh, he even taught me how to hide from the police!

Mrs. Lichty raises an eyebrow and leans forward on her desk, making direct eye contact with Dan.

MRS. LICHTY

Are you in any danger, Dan?

DAN

Me? No, no, the only time I'm ever really in danger is when a grizzly bear tries to break into our house. But usually when that happens, I just punch it in the nose as hard as I can. That keeps them away for a bit!

Dan chuckles lightheartedly as Mrs. Lichty looks at Reece with eyes the size of saucers. He smiles, nervously.

REECE

Heh heh. Can we keep him?

MRS. LICHTY

Well, Reece, although I think it's probably in Dan's best interests that attends our school, I can't enroll him without his uncle's permission. I'm sorry.

Dan and Reece look to the ground, disappointed.

REECE

Oh, okay. Well thank you for your time, Mrs. Lichty.

Dan's eyes fixate on the BOWL OF CANDY on her desk.

DAN

Before I leave, may I please have some candy?

Mrs. Lichty gestures with her hand, granting him permission. However, instead of just taking just one candy, Dan empties the entire jar into his mouth and starts chomping without even removing any of the wrappers.

DAN (CONT'D)
(With his mouth full) Thank you!

Mrs. Lichty is dumbfounded as Dan plonks the empty JAR down on the table and exits the room with Reece.

INT. HALLWAY (SPITROCK ELEMENTARY) - DAY

Dan has his head held low as he and Reece walk through the halls.

DAN
What am I gonna do, Reece? Uncle Treefart would never agree to let me come here.

REECE
Yeah, I know man. Well, we gave it our best shot and, to be honest, things could've gone A LOT worse today!

TOMMY (O.S.)
Well look who's back from the woods!

We cut to see Tommy blocking the hallway, smiling menacingly. However, as he cranes his neck up to make eye-contact with Dan, his demeanor changes from cocky to concerned.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So tell me, how'd the wild... man... hunt... go?

Reece smiles, confidently.

REECE
Oh, you were right. It doesn't exist. But I found someone even cooler. Tommy, meet my new friend, Dan Dwellington!

Tommy looks at Dan, cock-eyed, as it appears that he is fixated on the glinting, reflective plating on the GOLD MEDAL that Tommy is wearing around his neck.

DAN
Whoa, shiny! Can I see that?

Without hesitation, Dan grabs Tommy's medal and puts it in his mouth.

TOMMY

Hey, bro! What're you doing?!

Dan then **chomps** down on the MEDAL and **snaps** it in half. He grimaces as he spits the METAL CHUNKS onto the floor in a puddle of drool.

DAN

Aww... I thought there'd be chocolate inside!

Tommy's eyes fill with fire and he raises his fists in the air.

TOMMY

I'm gonna kill you!

A circle of kids forms around Tommy, Dan and Reece and they begin to **chant "Fight! Fight! Fight!"** Tommy starts bouncing around like Muhammed Ali and Dan, confused at what he should doing, begins to dance.

DAN

Oh! What're we doing? Is this the Macarena?

Reece intervenes and steps in between the boys.

REECE

Tommy, stop! He's been homeschooled his whole life, he doesn't know any better!

Tommy puts down his fists and looks Dan dead in the eyes.

TOMMY

Listen, new kid. You messed up bad but I'm gonna give you a chance to choose your fate. We can either settle this with a fight, or, a race!

DAN

Oh! I want to race!

Dan jumps up and down, giddily. This puts Tommy off.

TOMMY

Uh, fine, a race it is! Meet me on the track circuit after class and we'll settle this!

ACT THREEEXT. SPITROCK WOODLANDS - DAY

Back on the forest floor, Treefart moves carefully through the terrain. Tracking Dan's footsteps through the undergrowth.

He picks up a STICK and whacks it against the trunk of a redwood. The **tree knocks echo throughout the woods.**

TREEFART

(To Self) Where is that kid?

Treefart then **whistles like a bird** and puts a hand to his ear, anticipating a response, but hears nothing.

He then **sniffs the air** and catches a whiff of something interesting.

Treefart follows his nose through the woodlands and stumbles upon the spot where Dan pulled out the trunk. He looks down in horror as he sees piles of DAN'S AUBURN FUR on the forest floor.

While looking at the ground, he spots not only DAN'S FOOTPRINTS but also REECE'S FOOTPRINTS, leading directly into Spitrock. His jaw drops and he falls to his knees.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

No! They got my nephew!

He clutches the clumps of Dan's hair in his hands.

REECE

And they're using him for their sick, "humanification" program! Well don't worry, Danwood! Unkie Treefart is comin' to save you!

CUT TO:

INT. DWELLINGTON REDWOOD HOME - DAY

In the style of Edgar Right, we get a series of punch-in shots of Treefart "gearing up" in improvised armor. Its made with bits and pieces of HOCKEY GOALIE equipment and an actual, MEDIEVAL SUIT OF ARMOR.

Treefart then opens up a MASSIVE CIRCULAR HATCH in the side of the wall, revealing a dark tunnel with a pin hole of light at the end.

He hops on the SWAMP HOG and flips on a bunch of **random switches** which **fires the machine up**. Green smoke billows out of the exhaust pipes as the needles within the many dials and gauges on the bike spring to life.

He flicks on the Swamp Hog's dim, yellow headlight and **opens up the throttle**. Treefart zooms through the dark tunnel and then explodes through the overgrowth that is covering the mouth of the cave.

Swarms of BATS fly out from behind him as he catches air and crashes through the foliage growing out of the side of the steep mountain slope.

He picks up speed as the motorcycle punctures through the tree-line and enters a residential street, quickly approaching a PARKED CAR.

Treefart squeezes the brakes but realizes, he has none!

TREEFART

The brakes! Oh, RIGHT! The kid
didn't bring me the brake lines!

As he barrels toward the car, Treefart braces for impact. He **screams** as the Swamp Hog flattens the PARKED CAR with it's monster truck tires.

Treefart laughs hysterically as he continues down the street.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

Now where are you, Dan?

Treefart takes a big whiff of the air and turns the bike right.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

Thatta way!

MUSIC NOTE: Play a guitar solo similar to the opening riff from "Bat Out Of Hell" by Meatloaf.

CUT TO:

EXT./ESTAB. SPITROCK ELEMENTARY RUNNING TRACK - AFTERNOON

EXTREME WIDE SHOT: A **whistle blows** and SEVERAL RUNNERS (all 11 years old) pass through the running track's finish line. The bleachers are packed and the **crowd cheers**.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPITROCK ELEMENTARY RUNNING TRACK - AFTERNOON

Tommy finishes in first place while his competition trails behind him in the distance.

The other runners appear to be exasperated. Their parents dump BOTTLES OF WATER on their kids' heads while Tommy appears to have barely broken a sweat.

A COMMENTATOR (40) female, approaches Tommy, with a shiny NEW GOLD MEDAL in her hands.

COMMENTATOR

Well, folks. It looks like Tommy Thompson will continue his reign as the state champion of the 400 meter dash!

However, just as the Commentator is about to place the medal around Tommy's neck, **Dan calls out to him**.

DAN (O.S.)

Hey, Tommy!

Tommy turns to the starting line where he sees Dan waving playfully towards him.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm ready to race you. Just like you wanted!

Before Tommy accepts the award, he smiles and walks toward the starting line.

TOMMY

Ha, I didn't think you'd show up, "new kid"!

Dan gets into a strange, crouched running position. Almost as if he is posing like a tiger that is stalking it's prey. Tommy walks around him, looking critical and shakes his head, mockingly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What is that stance? And those
boots?

Tommy **laughs out loud** and the **other runners join in on the laughter** as well.

Dan, not sure what to do, starts **laughing along with them**.

EXT. BLEACHERS - AFTERNOON

Tina looks down below and shakes her head.

TINA
Oh jeez, this is going to be so
embarrassing. Tommy is gonna mop
the floor with that kid, isn't he
Carolyn? (Pause) Carolyn?

However, Carolyn is staring at Dan in awe. Watching the wind
blow through his mullet majestically in slow-motion while
romantic music plays in the background, until her mom shakes
her shoulder.

TINA (CONT'D)
(Frustrated) Carolyn? (The music
stops abruptly)

CAROLYN
Um, sorry, what?

Tina crosses her arms and scowls at Carolyn, knowingly.

TINA
Just focus the camera!

EXT. SPITROCK ELEMENTARY RUNNING TRACK - DAY

Reece approaches Dan at the starting line.

REECE
(Whispering) Listen man, you can
back out now if you don't want to
do this.

DAN
But I want to! I've never raced
against a human before. Can you
just tell me what the rules are?

Reece grabs Dan by the shoulder and points down the track.

REECE
You see these lines?

DAN
Uh-huh.

REECE
Just stay between them and run like
your life depends on it! Got it?

Dan nods confidently. The Commentator steps up to the starting line.

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
On your marks... set...

Dan and Tommy look focused in their starting stances. The Commentator holds the STARTER PISTOL in her hands and **fires a shot**.

The boys take off running but instead of focusing on them, we instead shift our attention to the audience. Their mouths, collectively, hang agape as they all stand to their feet.

When we shift our focus to the field, we see that Dan is running ON ALL FOURS and is quickly gaining a lead on Tommy.

Tommy tries his best to keep up as he **imitates the sounds of a motorcycle redlining it's engine** as he runs.

However, Dan crosses the finish line before Tommy can even get halfway through the track.

Once crossing the finish line, the Commentator walks up to Dan.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)
Well, folks! It looks like we have
ourselves a new state champion.
(points to Dan) This kid!

Tina stares in shock as the **crowds applause roars** around her. Carolyn, still looking at Dan, puts a hand on her chest and **sighs deeply**. Someone has a crush!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Treefart finally reaches the running track and rolls his Swamp Hog into the tree-line to conceal it. He shuffles up to the bleachers, still in his MAKESHIFT RIDING GEAR.

He can't see the track but as he gets closer, he hears the **cheering crowd** and dread fills his eyes.

TREEFART

Oh no! They're sacrificing him to
lions in their twisted coliseum!

However, as Treefart rounds the bend, he sees the Commentator awarding Dan a GOLD MEDAL. Tears of joy look to be filling Dan's eyes. This is what he's always dreamed of.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be. That boy's got 'em
all fooled! He really is his
Uncle's nephew!

As Dan waves triumphantly to the crowd, Tommy approaches him from behind with rage in his eyes.

TOMMY

Hey! New kid! I want a rematch! On
TWO LEGS this time!

Reece intervenes again.

REECE

Give it a break, motorcycle boy, he
won fair and square!

However, at this moment, a **squirrel's chirp** can be heard coming from within Dan's boot. It captures Tommy's attention.

TOMMY

Hey, what's that in your boot? Take
it off. Now!

Dan and Reece look at each other, nervously.

DAN

Uh, I can't.

Tommy pounces on Dan and tries to yank his boot off. Reece, thinking quickly, grabs a BAG OF ICE from one of the other runners.

Just before Dan's secret is exposed to the world, he quickly covers Dan's massive, hairy, foot just as the boot comes off.

TOMMY

(To Reece) What're you doing?

Reece looks at Tommy, pretending to be angry.

REECE

Didn't you hear the guy? He's
recovering from an ankle injury!
That's why he had to run on all
fours! (Whispering to Dan) Dan!
Pretend to be in excruciating pain!

Dan nods and clasps his ankle. Delivering a hammy performance that would make even William Shatner proud.

DAN

Ohh! The pain! My foot stem feels
like I've been swatted by a prickly
pine!

The crowd begins to turn on Tommy: **"Bad sportsmanship!" "Get off the field!"**

Tommy starts getting nervous until he can hear the **squirrels chirps** coming from within the BOOT again.

TOMMY

Wait, everyone! There is actually
something inside his boot!

Tommy, brings the boot to his face and he peeks inside. Suddenly, a RED SQUIRREL leaps out onto his face and then scurries all over his body, **prompting the audience into hysterical laughter** as **Tommy screams running away.**

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Who puts a squirrel in their boot!
(His voice trails off in the
distance) What's WRONG with you?!

The **crowd cheers** Reece grabs the BOOT and Dan slips it on. Dan gives him a beaming nod of gratitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT (SPITROCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL) - DINNER TIME

It's the end of track tryouts and the parents are loading their FOLDING CHAIRS and FULL-SIZE COOLERS into the trunks of their SUV's and CROSS-OVERS.

As Dan and Reece walk through the parking lot, people are calling his name and congratulating him on his win: **"Way to go, new kid!"** And **"See ya tomorrow, new kid!"**.

REECE

That was awesome, man! But you've gotta tell me, why did you run on all fours?

DAN

Well, you told me to, "*run like my life depended on it*" so I did! That's how I used to get away from mountain lions when I was a baby!

Reece raises an eyebrow but then quickly shrugs, acceptingly. He is a Sasquatch after all.

TREEFART (O.S.)

Hey, boys. A word?

The boys stop in their tracks as Treefart approaches in his RIDING GEAR. He looks upset. Dan becomes very nervous.

DAN

Uncle Treefart, I...

TREEFART

Ever since you were a little ball of fur, I've told you about the dangers of entering their world. And not only did you choose to ignore what I said, but you didn't even tell me what you were going to do.

Dan hangs his head low in shame.

DAN

I know, I'm sorry, Uncle.

Just then, Mrs. Lichty, the Principal, approaches Treefart.

MRS. LICHTY

Well, you must be Dan's uncle, Trevor. I've heard a lot about you.

Treefart leans in to her, suspicious, squinting.

TREEFART

Are you a fed?

Mrs. Lichty raises her eyebrow again.

MRS. LICHTY

What? No, I'm not. Anyway, I was speaking with your nephew this afternoon and I believe that he would make a great addition to our community here at Spitrock Elementary. If you'd like, we can sign the papers tonight and get him enrolled.

There's a pause, as Treefart looks down to his nephew, who is clasping his hands, beaming with hope in his eyes, and appears to almost be praying for his approval. Treefart takes a few moments to ponder his decision and appears to come up with an idea. **He sighs** and smiles lightly, slowly shaking Mrs. Lichty's hand.

TREEFART

Sure. I'll do that.

Dan and Reece look at each other with smiles from ear to ear.

MRS. LICHTY

Great! I'll be inside for the next half hour doing some paperwork. Just come on in whenever your ready!

Mrs. Lichty exits and Dan looks at Treefart, in shock.

DAN

Uncle Treefart... I can't believe you said yes!

TREEFART

Well, I was going to say no until I saw what your friend did for you back there. I've never seen a human stick up for our kind before. So, we will give this a TRY. Understand? But...I need you to promise me something.

Treefart leans towards Reece and stares into his eyes.

TREEFART (CONT'D)

You need to keep mine and my nephew's identities a secret. Forever. If this town learns who we really are, our lives will be over. Is that understood?

Reece nods, sincerely. Understanding the magnitude of the knowledge he now possesses. Treefart then shifts his attention to Dan.

TREEFART (CONT'D)
I won't stop you from coming here,
but just remember what we are on
this world to do: we are the
"Watchers of the Wood".

Treefart grabs his nephew's hand. Fighting the tears in his eyes.

TREEFART (CONT'D)
Teach the human children our ways
and what we and the other creatures
of the forest hold dear. So, maybe
one day, we can all live in harmony
and we won't have to hide anymore.

Dan and Treefart hug. He's the closest thing he's ever had to a son.

TREEFART (CONT'D)
Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a
meeting with the "president" of
your new school!

Treefart, still wearing his ridiculous IMPROVISED RIDING GEAR, shuffles towards the school and out of frame.

Once he leaves, the **boys cheer**.

REECE
You're going to school!

DAN
I'm going to school!

Dan pulls in Reece for a hug and squeezes him with all his might.

DAN (CONT'D)
You're the best friend I could ever
ask for!

As Dan squeezes Reece harder, his eyes appear to be bulging out of his head.

REECE
(Whimper) You're killing me!

Dan releases Reece and he does a stretch. **Popping his vertebrae** back into place. Dan looks distraught because he harmed his friend.

DAN
I am so very sorry!

REECE
It's all good, my friend. Hey, why don't we get some ice cream to celebrate your first win!

JIB SHOT of the camera slowly rising into the air as the guys continue to talk even when they are out of frame.

DAN
You mean like cold ice cream?

REECE
Is there any other kind?

DAN
Well, usually when I find ice cream, it's warm and in a dumpster and covered in worms!

REECE
Ew, do you eat the worms too?

DAN
Only if they're still alive! I'm not gonna eat dead worms!

REECE
That's nasty man!

We close on a aerial shot of the top of the tree-line and see the sun nestled between the mountain peaks in the distance.

A MIRROR SHOT of our establishing shot from the beginning.

An original, **acoustic guitar song plays** as the camera rises to meet the horizon line. For inspiration listen to: **"First Day of My Life" by Bright Eyes.**

CUT TO: CREDITS